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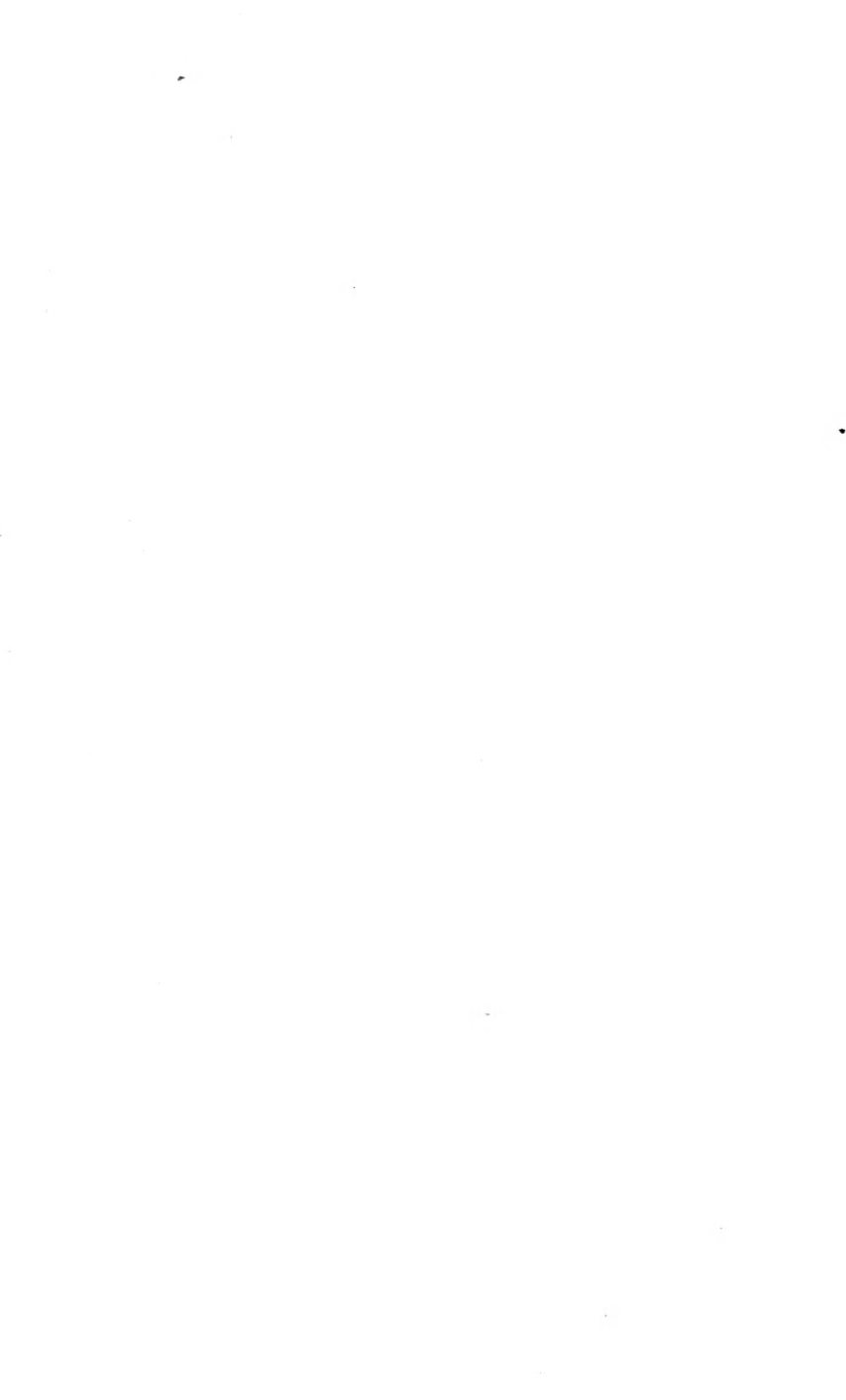
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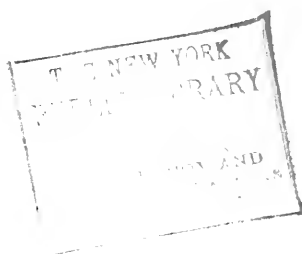
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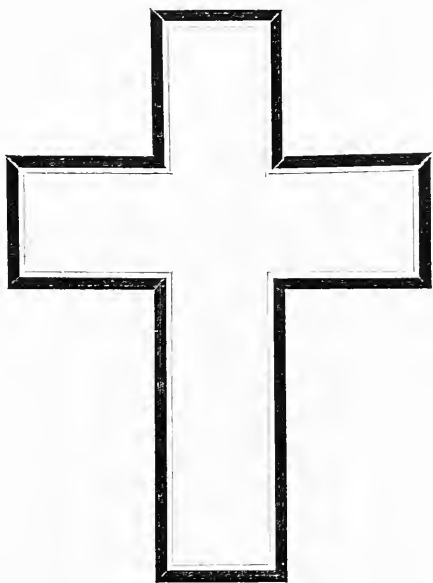
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CHRISTO SOLO SALUS.



FRANCIS LISTER HAWKS,

D.D., L.L.D.

A COMMEMORATIVE DISCOURSE

PREACHED IN THE

CHAPEL OF THE HOLY SAVIOR,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BURIAL,

Sept. 29th, 1867.

BY

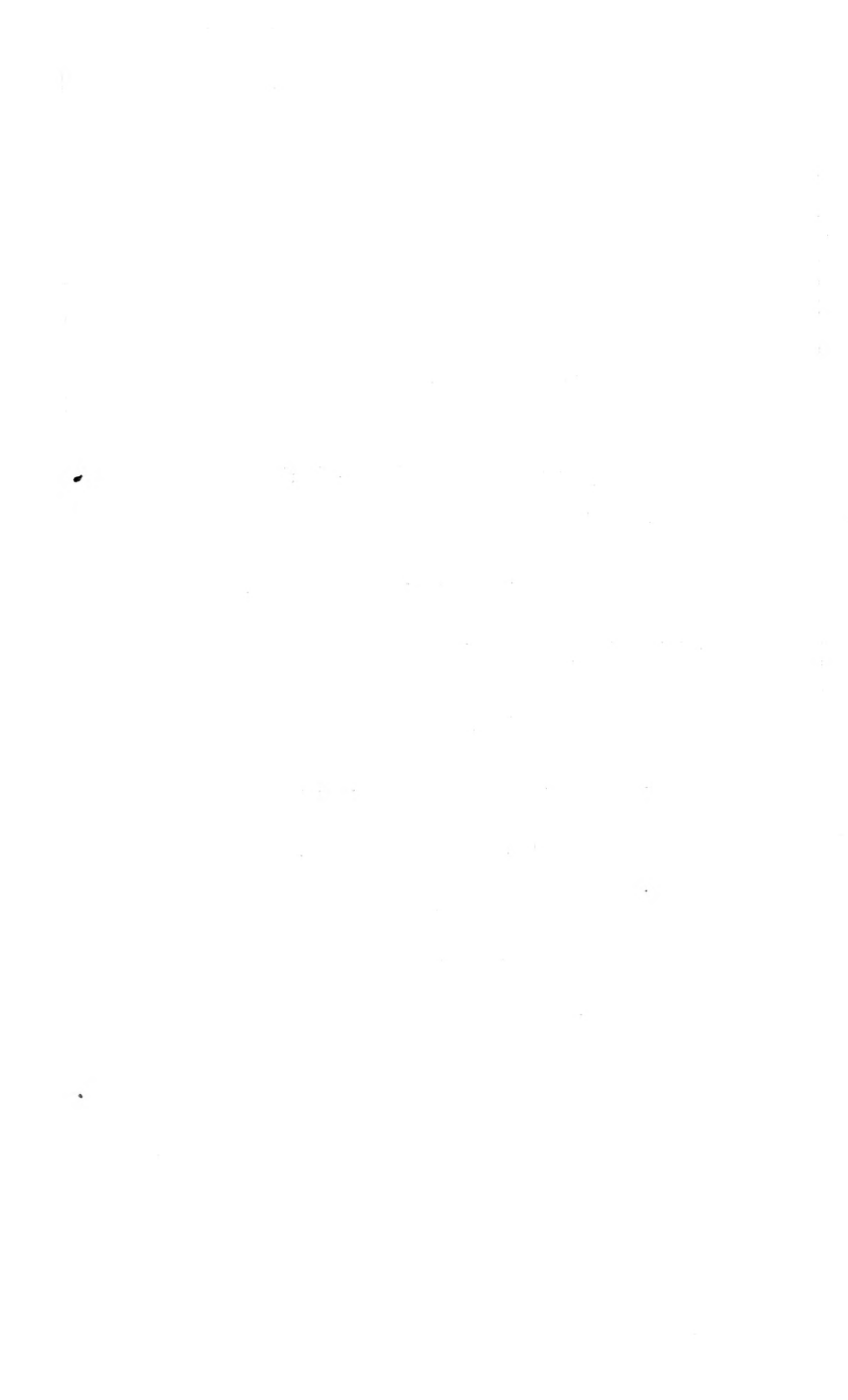
WILLIAM F. MORGAN, D.D.

Preached and Published by request of the Vestry.

56-11

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No. 113 Fulton Street, N. Y.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED
TO THE
Vestry and Congregation of the
CHAPEL OF THE HOLY SAVIOR,
A Flock greatly privileged in receiving the latest
ministrations, and dying love and counsels of
A PASTOR
eminent in learning, faithful in labor, and
renowned as an expounder and
preacher of the Truth,
as it is in Jesus.



MEMORIAL SERMON.

“Blessed are the Dead who die in the Lord.”

The REVELATION OF ST. JOHN, the Divine,
Chap. XIV. verse 13.

DEEP in the human soul is that sentiment which would keep alive the memory of gifted, saintly men, and perpetuate their names. In the early Church, the elevating and beautiful custom prevailed of setting apart one day for the commemoration of the illustrious dead. Occasions of cheerful and hopeful remembrance were they—festivals of hallowed recollection, into which not one element of gloom or regret was allowed to enter. So far, indeed, was sadness banished from these memorial days, that they were called *Natalia*, or birth-days, and were intended to signalize the introduction of the saints into the blessedness of a heavenly world, and to give that event a marked pre-eminence over the hour when they entered upon this mortal life. But even at an early period this excellent custom fell into abuse. Superstition meddled with and perverted it, until it became so entangled with various forms of error, as to find but little favor among the purer branches of the Christian Church. But, as I have said, the sentiment is deep, and can

never perish, in which the custom took its rise. We may discard particular days, and festive ceremonies; we may refuse to join the Greek and Roman churches in ascribing mysterious sanctity to the resting places of the departed; we may fail to renew the garlands upon their tombs, or feed the unwasting lamp within their sepulchers, or ring forth the solemn chimes of bells upon the anniversaries of their deaths; but never should we forget—never should we cease to recall—never should we fail to reverence and hold in honor those who have bequeathed signal benefits either to the Church or the world; who have exercised commanding gifts for the good of man,—the strong, the earnest, the eloquent, the lion-hearted, who, in their sphere, have not lived or labored in vain, but, although caught up to Paradise, still abide upon earth in words, and influences, and acts which brighten our pathway, brethren, and make our hearts stronger for the work we have to do. It must be confessed, however, that the period of time in which we live is not greatly favorable to conversation with the dead. Men, preeminently useful and good, die, and are forgotten. The mourners go about the streets. So enthralled are we by the things which lie around us—by the objects which beset us, and appeal to our lower life—that there is nothing more foreign to our ordinary thoughts, nothing more remote from the daily current of our hopes and purposes, than the world unseen, into which the spirits of the dead have entered. Clouds, heavy and thick, intercept the vision of Heaven, and obstruct the flight of our imaginations toward

eternity. Our soul cleaveth to the dust. The things which we see, and hear, and touch, and taste, hold us down—the warmth, and reality, and comfort of our present being, hinder us—the cares of life, the enterprises of pith and moment, the struggles of affection, and the restlessness of ambition, hinder us—and then, that baffling curtain, that awful barrier which divides the visible from the invisible, that scares us, and drives us back into the inclosure of sense, where we are lulled into a slumber from which it would seem almost impossible to awaken us.

There is exceeding fitness, then, in the purpose to which we devote this sacred hour. With the stillness of God's blessed rest around us, and chastened, as I trust, by the solemnities of holy worship, we do well to pause and enter into the spirit of this impressive occasion. It is the anniversary of a pastor's burial—that eminent servant and minister of Jesus Christ, Francis Lister Hawks, Doctor of Divinity and of Laws—the founder of this parish, the chosen and beloved shepherd of this flock, entered upon rest and peace eternal on the 27th, and on the 29th of September, 1866, amidst universal expressions of sorrow, was entombed by loving hands. His memory is precious. In these courts it will be imperishable. In the Church at large it will be long and honorably cherished. For he was a man of lofty mold. Few such appear, and only at marked intervals of time. Aside from the attributes of an ardent and sympathetic nature—and the magnetism of person and manner, which are seldom possessed—it had pleased

God to endow him with most excellent gifts. He had genius, and solid, intellectual power, and an intuitive versatility, which made him apt—I may say eminent—in various realms of learned investigation. He was generally known, however, in this community, and throughout the land, as a divine of confessed and long-sustained ability; as a well-furnished theologian; as a master in his favorite department of ecclesiastical history; but chiefly as an accomplished preacher—logical, instructive, convincing—equal to the grasp and enforcement of any theme, and, at the same time, possessed of a natural eloquence the most commanding:—brilliant, persuasive, powerful; such as gave him an easy pre-eminence, in our own communion at least, both as the Apollos and the Boanerges of the pulpit.

It is the misfortune of this distinguished man that those most capable of doing justice to his transcendent personal and professional excellencies; of explaining and softening his supposed imperfections, and of throwing around his memory the empurpled hues of close personal friendship and appreciation, had preceded him to the grave. He outlived his rightful eulogists. I speak of him with stammering lips, although it has been my allotment to follow him in two conspicuous fields of his earthly ministry, and my privilege to enjoy his affectionate regard. But there were those, both among the clergy and the laity, whom he loved with an unmeasured tenderness; those whom he held to his heart, and honored with an intimacy which was without reserve; for with all

his greatness, he did not aspire to be a demi-god, demanding and exacting as a right the incense and homage of those around him, but was as loving and confiding as a child. You know this, dear brethren, and some of you would deem it a sad omission, in any sketch of your pastor, were this winning grace of character concealed; for it was a potential element, and through it he grappled to him friends who never failed him, who clung to him with an unquenchable devotion through evil report and good report, even unto death.

The ends of this memorial, however, do not require that nice and discriminating portraiture which the hand of loving fellowship alone could give. We desire this day only to recall him, and realize a nearer communion with him around this altar, on which, for the first time, are placed memorials of the Great Sacrifice, and to gather from his career one or two lessons which may refresh and animate us.

Measuring that career from boyhood to the grave, I think few such examples can be found of intensely earnest life. Whatever else may be said of Dr. Hawks, he was no idler; he was no trifler. From first to last, existence to him was full of meaning and full of responsibility, and he crowded his own with unremitting activities. His life was one continued glow of intellectual splendor, while his moral and religious aspirations kept him forever upon the pathways of study and effort and professional toil, and this, as I have said, almost from boyhood. It was to his mother, no doubt—a woman of singular force and

elevation of character—that his early devotion to Christian duties must be ascribed. He was born in the Church. She trained him as a child of the Church, and led him so steadily beneath the light of wise, religious influence, that, at the age of seventeen, and just as he had passed the terrible ordeal of university life, he received his first communion. From that hour of early discipleship, there was no faltering. The seal was set. His great abilities, great even in 1815, when he was but a stripling—for he then received the honors of his class, and was as remarkable for his splendid elocution as at any later period of his life—I say his great abilities were brought under the power of his Christian profession. He commenced the study of law—and he could not have commenced that study under nobler auspices. Judge William Gaston was his teacher and his model. The tie which bound the student to the instructor was never weakened or divided. Almost the last time I beheld your lamented Rector, he stood—it was a moment of gloom and depression—gazing at the portrait of this eminent Jurist with brimming eyes. But neither the study or practice of law diverted him from a leading tendency of his soul. In the midst of legal studies and pursuits, he was religious. He loved the Church. He embraced the Cross of Christ with a firmer grasp, as he advanced in distinction upon his first and accepted path. When as a lawyer, he could scarcely open his lips without gathering a crowd of eager listeners, he was at the same time conducting the services of St. Matthew's Church, Newbern,

N. C., as a Lay Reader, and shortly afterward, while connected with the bar at Hillsboro, he was foremost in the organization of a church, accepting the office of Senior Warden, and discharging its duties with characteristic zeal. At this period, with an abruptness which startled every one who knew him, his purpose of entering the sacred ministry was announced. It had long been his heart's desire, and was now a solemn resolve, although it involved the sacrifice of golden prospects, and disturbed associations which had been full of satisfaction. In 1827, he was admitted to the Diaconate, by one whom he cherished through life as in very deed his Father in God, the venerable Ravenscroft, and thenceforth he was as "a burning and a shining light," in our branch of the Church of Christ. Time would utterly fail me in the attempt to follow him in his effulgent course. Effulgent, and yet laborious, painstaking, earnest to the last degree. His first engagement in the ministry was at New Haven, in the State of Connecticut, a city to which he was bound by the holiest of memories and domestic ties. His office was that of assistant minister to Dr. Harry Croswell, Rector of Trinity Church, a man great without eloquence, wise without classical lore, majestic in presence, profound in his knowledge of man, and steady as clock-work in his administration of affairs. And although the Rector and his assistant, in temperament and method, were as different from each other as the stable mountains are different from the restless and ever-moaning sea, yet the relation was a pleasant one, and profitable withal,

creating a bond which death only dissolved. When, in 1841, the preacher was called to the same post as Deacon, and sat at the feet of the same venerated man—for a term of three years—the name and the electric power, and the permanent advantage attending the ministry of Dr. Hawks, were fresh upon almost every lip, although more than a decade had expired. Nor was it his eloquence alone that had fastened itself upon the memory. It was work transfused with eloquence. Not in the pulpit only, but during the week, at what were called cottage services, held in the outskirts of the city and in private houses, he so expounded the Scriptures, and so carried home practical, religious truth, that every dwelling was too strait for the multitudes which followed him. And if to-day that cultivated and beautiful city holds for the Church a strong and honorable position, it may be ascribed, in good measure, to the ictus—the impulse which he gave to its vital current. He did not long remain in that city. It was too narrow for him. He removed to Philadelphia, and was associated with Bishop White; but his fame as a preacher kept him in perpetual demand from almost every quarter of the Church. He was in the very efflorescence of his matchless powers. New York, then as now, was the Metropolis of the Nation, the largest orb for the action and outworking of a great mind. He received and accepted an invitation to the rectorship of St. Stephen's Church. It did not open to him his proper sphere, but noble men had occupied it, and he left upon it the imprint of his greatness and his earnest-

ness, for even to this hour, in that deserted portion of the city, he is remembered, not so much as a preacher, as a teacher and lecturer, giving to the humble and the ignorant, fresh and wonderful expositions of God's Holy Word.

In the parish of St. Thomas' Church in this city, to which he was called in 1831, he found a field every way answerable to his tastes and special gifts. This church at once shared in the double benefit of his services, and his celebrity. It became a center of interest and attraction throughout the Church, throughout the land; and it is probable that, during the twelve years of his administration in this parish, his labors were more abundant, and his great powers were more variously and vigorously exercised, than at any other period of his life. The records of that parish are in my possession, and even the amount of downright pastoral work performed by him, and registered in his own, neat hand, is prodigious. The claims made upon him for the offices of religion, during the week, were incessant; and yet, as if his toils and interruptions as a pastor were nothing, he stood in that metropolitan pulpit, year after year, expounding the Gospel of Christ in a way so masterful; with a force of reasoning so conclusive; with an energy so electrifying; with a pathos so melting; with a grace so natural, that the best minds in the city and in the land were intralled. Few divines, if any, of this generation, have so completely vindicated the power of the pulpit as did Dr. Hawks, at the period of which I speak. He met every demand of intellectual

men, even while level to the understanding of all ; and when I recall the class of men, his cotemporaries, which surrounded him, and received spiritual knowledge at his lips—judges, lawyers, eminent merchants, literary and scientific men—the most refined and cultivated of either sex, nearly all of whom have gone with him to their dread account ; when I remember how, from Sunday to Sunday, he opened to them the scope of Christian doctrine, and reasoned with them out of the Scriptures, and attacked the sophistries of the unbelieving heart, and thundered at its sins ; when I remember how faithful he was to the great central object of Christianity—the Cross of Jesus Christ—how he held it forth, and magnified it, and pleaded with sinners to accept it and be saved, I can not but feel that, while we, with much sadness of heart, commemorate the day of his burial, he has entered upon a day of eternal rest and felicity, and holds an exalted place among those who, having turned many to righteousness, are to shine as the stars for ever and ever in the firmament of God.

I have followed this revered and lamented pastor only a little way upon his career ; and yet I can follow him no longer. The proper unfolding of his life would exhaust the length of days I am restricted to minutes. You must permit me, however, to charge you not to estimate the value, or gauge the earnestness of that life, from a single point. Dr. Hawks was a matchless preacher. But he was almost every thing else that could adorn or ennoble a man. I speak of him apart from infirmities ; apart

from that infection which remaineth even in the elect; apart from particular acts and critical exigencies. If any man is without fault among you, let him cast the first stone. But as a man among men, and as an example and illustration of earnest work and earnest life, I scarcely know the peer of **Dr. Hawks** in the manifoldness of beneficent endeavor and action. **Robert Hall** and **Thomas Chalmers** may have equaled him in this regard. But within our own communion I can not think of one who, with such celebrity in the pulpit, was, at the same time, so continually and diligently occupied in promoting the general interests of the Church and the highest welfare of society. I may be told that he was visionary, and that he did not always succeed. I answer that his failures were magnificent, because always connected with magnificent aims. His schemes were grand, colossal; and if any of them fell through, it was because they were too far ahead of the times to obtain a just appreciation, and a deserved support.

Fail! Heaven would fail and utterly collapse. The solar system would fail, and rush into chaos, if dependent upon man.

The thing we lack to-day, in the vicinity of this city, is the very thing which the lamented **Hawks** labored unsuccessfully to establish—a school for boys; another **Eton**, or **Harrow on the Hill**. The very buildings he erected, and which still remain, though diverted to other uses, both as to location and character, are the buildings we need at this very

hour for the reception and training of our sons, according to his theory of Christian and Churchly education. Never was there a foresight more wise, or prophetic of coming necessity, than that which prompted him to strike out into a lovely, rural district, and lay broad and large the foundation of a Christian school.

This is the sorrow and the perpetual humiliation of great men, that their purposes are brought to naught because they can not control the agencies which should develop them; and if my sympathies are ever touched to the quick, it is when I behold a great-hearted man failing in a glorious enterprise, while men are squandering upon themselves the little he requires, or hoarding it for their heirs. I repeat it, and rejoice in the opportunity, that the eminent man whose memory we would honor to-day, never undertook a scheme, or pledged himself to an effort, which was not Christ-like, and as high as heaven in its intended result. I am told that when that chancel window is complete it will contain a picture of Christ with the little children. If so, then, till these walls are swept away, will that picture proclaim that the most conspicuous failure of your pastor was in the attempt to emulate his Master, and train the young, not only for this world, but for the Kingdom of Heaven.

But in nearly all departments of effort to which he applied himself, he was eminently successful. As a legislator in the Church, in her general and diocesan councils, in her missionary and educational interests, in every thing pertaining to her growth and existence,

he was for years confessed to be the foremost man—not merely the eloquent champion, but the wise and learned, and judicious counsellor—while his contributions to the literature and historical treasures of the Church will perpetuate his name in grateful and honorable memory for ages. Nor was he less distinguished or less successful in his general and unprofessional literary labors. Whoever would gain a just conception of what he was in severe, unsparing study and toil; what he was in profound research and weary compilations; what he was in persistent effort to enlarge the area of human knowledge, to simplify it, to make it useful and adaptive, let him number the volumes which remain, let him examine them and confess that the varied talent of this peerless man was only equaled by his unflagging industry.

Toward the close of a life so earnest and eventful, he had hoped to find repose, and realize a sweet vision of pastoral quiet in the chapel of the Holy Savior, where, surrounded by those who knew him and loved him, he might devote his declining years to a closer fellowship with his flock, and to holy labors on their behalf. It was not thus to be. God had provided some better thing for him—the rest vouchsafed to righteous souls in Paradise.

It may be presumed that for years the seeds of dissolution had been taking root within him, and encroaching by slow advances upon the fiber of his physical life, touching, disturbing perhaps, the equipoise of his intense intellectual and moral being. Oh, beloved, how are our thoughts, and words, and actions

influenced by this decaying vesture, this poor body of death—by disease, as it lurks in ambush, ready to loosen the silver chord, and break the golden bowl. Let us not judge one another. What we condemn, may be only a deflection, caused by a mighty and invisible conflict between life and death.

It must always remain a tender association of this holy and beautiful house, that its illustrious founder ended the work of his earthly ministry at its cornerstone. He beheld the base upon which the structure was to stand. Like another Moses, with the sentence and shadow of death upon him, he caught the sight and receding perspective of what was to be, after his burial. The location of this building, its architectural design and dimensions, its impressive facade and pediment, with niches and sculptured forms of evangelists and holy women grouped around the Cross, were all familiar to him, and largely the suggestions of his accomplished mind. The sacred legend, *Christo Solo Salus*, dropped from his lips the moment it was sought. Indeed, he saw the glory of this latter house from its inception, and was the wise coadjutor and counsellor of his vestry, in all those preliminary steps which are so apt to chill the heart of a pastor, and lead him to pray often and earnestly for an end better than the beginning. But when the day came which was to inaugurate the work, by fitting offices at the cornerstone, it was evident to all who attended him in that solemnity, that his course was finished. The hand of death was upon him. His indomitable will sustained him, but could not conceal the tokens of mor-

tal illness. Never was there a scene more impressive than that of "the old man, eloquent"—pale and tremulous—sitting beside the stone, lifting his eyes to heaven, as he devoted this building to the service and glory of the Triune God. He went home to die, but to die like a saint and disciple of Jesus Christ. The strength of his faith, and the sweetness of his deeper nature came forth, and filled the chamber where he lay, with joy and peace. He spake much of the Cross and its saving power, of the Church, also, and Her perils in these times, deprecating novelties and extremes. He uttered words of indescribable tenderness and earnest counsel in the presence of his family, and fell asleep. O friends, ye do well to enshrine the memory of such a man; ye do well to associate this Church with his name and pastorate. Ye do well to heed his instructions, and make the ministry of your dead pastor still profitable to your souls: for he was a Master in Israel, and, "being dead, yet speaketh."

DEATH

is swallowed up in

VICTORY.

Ordination Service at Trinity Chapel.

On Sunday morning, the members of the Graduating Class of the General Theological Seminary were admitted to the Holy Order of Deacons. The services began at 10:30 A. M., in Trinity Chapel. A procession was formed in the Sunday-school rooms, and entered the church in reverse order, singing the processional, "Triumphant Zion." After the surpliced choir of boys came the members of the Senior Class, then the Deacons, the Priests, and last, the Bishops. After the morning prayer and a sermon by Bishop WILMER, of Louisiana, Bishop POTTER, of New-York, conferred Holy Orders upon the following candidates: George Harden Crowe, Alexander Davidson, Henry Duyckinck, Joseph Warren Hill, James Murray, A. M., George V. Palmer, Robert Ritchie, Jr., A. M., Arthur H. Warner, Charles A. Wenman, and J. McCallister.

The services were full choral and of a very impressive character. A large number of Priests were present, and assisted the Rector, Rev. Dr. SWORE, before and after the Ordination.

Rev. Profs. JOHNSTON and SEMOUR, of the General Theological Seminary, presented the candidates.

Following the Ordination, the Holy Eucharist was celebrated—the Bishop of New-York acting as Celebrant, and giving at the close the Blessing of Peace.

